

STORY OF TWO DOLLS.

(For Little Girls.)



ONE MORNING THE postman rang at our bell and asked Jane, the upstairs girl, whether any one named Miss Eveline Arabella Rosalie Estelle lived there.

I was sitting on the top step of the stairs, and heard it all; and I heard Jane answer:

"No, sir; there is no one in the house who has all them fine names. I'm certain sure of that." And I really think that postman would have taken the letter away again if I had not called over the stairs:

"Why, Jane, yes, there is, and I'll bring her down this minute!"

So I ran into my room and took my last new doll out of the wardrobe and brought her down just as fast as I could, and I said:

"Jane did not mean to tell a story, Mr. Postman, but this is the lady that letter is for. We call her 'Evy,' for short, and that is why Jane did not know."

The postman laughed, and said: "That explains it," and tucked the letter under Evy's arm and went off; and I took Evy and her letter into the dining-room. The letter was in a tiny, weeny pink envelope, and papa cut it with his penknife, and I took out the sheet of paper, and read:

"Dear Eveline Arabella Rosalie Estelle:—I am coming to lunch with you at two o'clock today, I shall bring Lucy Bell with me. Give my compliments to Lottie Lee.

"Yours very affectionately,

"Grace Genevieve."

Grace Genevieve was Lucy Bell's very finest doll. Lucy's grandma brought Grace Genevieve over the ocean, and Lucy took great care of her.

I suppose Lucy's aunt Fannie wrote the note, for she was always doing things to make us laugh; and usually I should have been glad, but just then the doll's house was in a dreadful state, and how my Eveline Arabella Rosalie Estelle could entertain Lucy Bell's Grace Genevieve properly I did not know.

"You do not look quite happy, Lottie," mamma said after awhile. "What troubles you?"

"I'm so sorry for dear Evy, mamma, I said, 'I'm sure she'll be mortified. The doll's house is in a dreadful state. We were going to have a regular house-cleaning, and the furniture covered, and the walls papered with figured gold



"WHAT A LOVELY IDEA."

paper, and the curtains done up; but the paper-hanger and upholsterer—that's brother Tom, you know—disappointed us."

"I should not mind if I was you," said mamma. "You can have a picnic lunch on the grass-plot in the back garden."

"But you haven't heard the worst, mamma," said I. "Poor Evy's china tea-set is actually gone—smashed to pieces! The day Cousin Jane was here she fell down with the china-basket, there's not a whole piece left."

"I feel great sympathy for Eveline," said mamma. "I've been in much the same position myself. But Lucy will make allowances."

"It is not Lucy that I mind," said I. "She is only a plain little girl like myself; but Grace Genevieve is so elegant, and always comes in pale-blue satin, and wears a diamond coronet."

"Rather dressy," said mamma, "for a small and early."

"She can't help it," said I. "Her things won't come off. But Eveline will want everything to match, you know."

"I'm afraid there's not time to buy a new set of china," said mamma. "But leave it all to me. I'll think of something."

When mamma said that, all my cares were over; and about one o'clock she called me to come out into the garden. She had a box in her hand, and when she opened it, there were the loveliest shells of all shapes and sizes, and a beautifully embroidered towel, and she had strawberries and cakes and a paper of sugar-plums and a little pitcher of milk; and she told me just which shells to place for plates and which for cups and which to use for

dishes; and when they were all set out, with a big shell full of flowers in the center, and a bouquet at each plate, I never saw anything so pretty. I brought Evy out.

"My dear doll," I said, "when I first heard that you were going to have unexpected company, I thought you would certainly be dreadfully mortified; but mamma has helped us out of the trouble. And now remember, my dear Evy, when Miss Grace Genevieve arrives, don't look the least anxious, or make any apologies, but just say: 'I am so glad to see you, and as it is such a warm day we'll have a shell lunch on the lawn for variety; one gets so tired of the same old cups and saucers every day.'"

Mamma laughed and clapped her hands, though I do not see what I had said that was funny. Do you? I only told Eva nearly what I had heard real big people say when they had unexpected company, and put away the corn-beef and cabbage and had a lunch instead. Still, when mamma laughs, I don't mind, for she loves me dearly; and I love her more than tongue can tell.

Everything was done, and I had on my white dress when Lucy rang at the door. I opened it.

"So glad to see you, Miss Grace Genevieve," I made Evy say; and Lucy made Grace say:

"And I am pleased to be here, Miss Eveline Arabella Rosalie Estelle."

Then Eva said—I interpreted, of course—what I told mamma I would say about a shell lunch on the lawn; and Grace Genevieve answered:

"What a lovely idea! But you always have such splendid ideas, my dear."

Then we put the lady dolls on the sofa to converse awhile, and I took Lucy out and told her all about the accidents that happened to the china and the delay in the doll's house-cleaning.

"How wonderfully Eva carried it off!" said Lucy. "I have often heard mamma say that the only way to do when you had unexpected company was to behave as if there never was a time when you wanted them so much; and that is exactly what Evy did."

Omaha's Rival to Sandow.

Omaha has a genuine phenomenon in the way of a strong man, a regular coming Sandow. His name is Alois Swoboda and he is but 22 years of age. He was born in Vienna, Austria, and is a fine example of what a man can make of himself physically if he goes at it the right way. Swoboda has been examined frequently by physicians and they are unanimous on the point that he is a marvel of muscular development. The muscles all over his body, when contracted, are as hard as steel, and when relaxed as soft as a girl's. The measurements of Omaha's Hercules are as follows: Height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 145; chest, 45 inches; waist, 28½; expansion, 14 inches; biceps, 16; thigh, 23½; wrist, 7. He has a perfect physique and enormous strength. He toys with a 250-pound dumb-bell as a boy would handle a feather duster and tears two packs of cards in two with the wonderful strength of his hands. He has a system of training peculiarly his own.

All Over with Him.

A Scotch nobleman of the olden times was in the habit of indulging pretty freely at the hospitable tables of his friends. He took the precaution to have always with him a trustworthy retainer, who never failed to avoid all temptation to excess, in order to make sure of taking his master safely home. On one occasion Donald had been induced to join in the festivities of the servants' hall, and feeling himself quite overcome, managed to stagger upstairs and whisper to his master, who was in full swing of his enjoyment at the table: "My lord, ye'll ha'e to tak' care of yersel' the night, for it's a' ower wi' me."—Scottish American.

A Member of the Force.

"A good many amusing incidents came out in our first examination of the police," says Col. John W. Ela, the apostle of local civil service reform. "I recall one incident which struck me as being particularly funny. We were putting one of the patrolmen through, and the big fellow fumed and fretted and perspired as if he were actually in the sweat box. At last I asked him this question: 'What is a felony?' "The poor fellow looked stunned for a moment or two, but finally there came an expression of returning reason into his eyes, and in a triumphant tone he answered: 'A t'ing on the tumb.'"—Chicago Record.

Compelled to Be Twice Married.

Edward Robinson of Newport, Ky., went to Cincinnati recently and secured a license to marry Ruth Simpson, a Newport girl. They were married by Squire McClure of Newport, who did not examine the license closely. Then they went on a wedding trip. When the squire made his return to the county clerk he saw that the license was issued in Ohio and that the ceremony by him was illegal. The parties were recalled from their honeymoon and corrected the mistake by a ceremony in Cincinnati.

NEW KIND OF DOLLAR.

ONE MAN'S SCHEME TO SECURE BIMETALLISM.

A Coin of Gold and Silver—In This Way, He Claims, Parity Would Be Established and Speculation in Gold Stopped.



MAN FROM Brooklyn, one J. W. Wilson, has a scheme for settling the currency question which is at least original. He proposes that the United States government shall coin a new dollar composed

of 50 cents' worth of gold and 50 cents' worth of silver, and that this shall henceforth be the standard of value in this country. In this way, he claims, gold and silver men would both be satisfied. They would, in fact, have nothing more to say, because one metal would always be used at the same time. That beautiful thing, perfect equality, would be gained.

Under Mr. Wilson's plan the coinage of the United States would be gold and silver inseparably united. This would be true bimetalism. The fratricidal strife between the two metals would be ended. All bills, of course, would represent gold and silver dollars. Is it not a beautiful idea?

Mr. Wilson is conducting a campaign on behalf of his idea. He gives away and sells medals which suggest, as nearly as the law will permit, the design of the new dollar he would have coined. It is of about the same size as the present silver dollar and the 50 cents' worth of gold is neatly inlaid on one side. An eagle is stamped on the gold.

One of the great merits which he claims for his scheme is that it would abolish parity. A circular which he issues briefly states its objects as follows:

"The object of this invention is to overcome the great difficulty and expense of maintaining the parity of two fluctuating standards of value by substituting for them a single standard more definite, stable and reliable, that will secure to gold and silver equal rights and advantages, and to all classes a medium of the same value.

"To prevent speculators from taking the best money out of circulation and shifting the poorest money on the people, by combining the two currencies into one so that they cannot be separated without more loss than gain.

"To secure sufficient redemption money for the increasing large volume of paper obligations used in banking currency and exchange by a safe and more extended use of silver in connection with gold.

"To prevent a panic by providing an equitable compromise for the settlement of the present disagreement between gold and silver and other opposing interests. And to secure other advantages too numerous to mention in this circular."

If any financier thinks he sees any practical objections in the scheme, Mr. Wilson will endeavor to explain them away.

Queens and Salvationists.

Philadelphia Ledger: Queen Sophia of Sweden, whose 39th birthday has just been celebrated with much pomp and ceremony at Drothningholm castle, is one of the most enthusiastic friends and supporters of the Salvation Army, a distinction which she shares with her niece, the queen regent of Holland. Both queens publicly countenance the work of General Booth, sending liberal subscriptions to his various funds and expressing the opinion that on religious and political grounds it is wise to encourage a form of worship which seems to suit the masses and finds the way to their hearts. But the Empress of Germany and the emperor, too, give evidence of the most undisguised hostility to the salvationists—their army being by imperial order subjected to annoyances and persecutions by the police.

A Slave to Duty.

There is a woman in Springfield, Conn., whose husband went away—supposedly with another woman—the other afternoon for good and all. The husband has an extensive milk route in Stamford. The woman's disappointment in her husband was considerable, yet, with it all, she could not forget how disappointed his customers would be if they did not get their Saturday's supply of milk. So she got up early, milked the cows, hitched up the horses, and with her little boy went the rounds of the city and filled the waiting pails on the back porches.

This Town Protects Cyclists.

At last a place has been found where the poor bicyclist is protected. It is in the town of Chicopee, Mass., and any person found throwing into the street ashes, glass, crockery, scrap-iron, tacks, nails or anything, that might injure the tires of bicycles will be prosecuted.

LIKE THUNDERCLAPS.

How a Fly's Trutting Sounds in a Microphone.

The improvements which W. H. Souby has lately added to the microphone, or "sound magnifier," makes it one of the most marvelous mechanical contrivances of the age. The special construction of this instrument is of no particular interest to any one except experts, but what is told of its wonderful powers as a magnifier of sounds will entertain the young and old, as well as the scientific and unscientific readers of "Notes for the Curious." After the instrument had been completed with the exception of a few finishing touches, Souby found it absolutely necessary to keep the door of his workshop tightly closed so as to admit no sounds from the outside, otherwise the inarticulate rumblings given off by the "ejector" would have become unbearable. Even with closed doors the cap had to be kept constantly in place on the receiver to keep the instrument from sending forth a roar, which previous investigation proved to be a combination of sounds produced by watch beats, breathing, the hum of flies, etc. A fly walking across the receiver of the instrument makes a sound equal to a horse crossing a bridge, and when Mr. Souby laid his arm across the box the blood rushing forth in his veins gave forth a sound which much resembled that made by the pump of a large steam engine. The playing of a piano in a house across the street was, when ejected from Souby's machine, like the roar of an avalanche, and the washing of dishes in a kitchen of a house across the alley made a sound which the inventor of the machine says was "a burden to his soul." When any one entered the room, walked about, coughed, touched the table or door handles, the shriek which issued from the ejector was most painful to hear. Hundreds of uses have been suggested for the microphone, the most practical being those of blood circulation and lung tests.

Determining Sounds.

Hiram S. Maxim, in London Engineering suggests the adoption of a standard of sound, claiming that it might be a ready means of deciding some complicated questions which are brought before the courts. By this means it might be distinctly decided, for instance, whether noise in houses caused by vibrations of machinery in neighboring central stations is or is not greater than the ordinary noise of street traffic. He believes that the noise produced by a passing cab is much less than that produced by a central station. He suggests as a starter that a kind of phonograph be employed in making a record on smoked glass, which could be enlarged in a lantern, and by this means a noise made by a factory, for instance, might be compared with that produced by a Salvation Army band or other disagreeable sounds which are tolerated by law. As a standard of noise, he suggests a shot of a certain size dropped from a certain height on to some standardized diaphragm, the waves being recorded at, say, five meters' distance.

A Pleasing Fad.

People at eastern resorts have a new fad. They hire a quartette to serenade guests at hotels and cottages. The quartette is supplemented by a fifth who conceals himself in the shrubbery and imitates the singing of birds during the selections rendered by the quartette.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

A man there was, some people thought him mad, The more he cast away, the more he had.

—Bunyan.

A church silent on the question of temperance discredits itself as much as a church silent on the question of dishonesty.—Joseph Cook.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity.—Ruskin.

Ye shall find one touch of faith more worth to your souls than all your deep and laborious disquisitions; one dram of faith more precious than a pound of knowledge.—Bishop Hall.

Who is a true man? He who does the truth, and never holds a principle on which he is not prepared in any hour to act, and in any hour to risk the consequences of holding it.—Thomas Carlyle.

Get the habit—a glorious one—of referring all to Christ. How did he feel, think, act? So then must I feel, and think, and act. Should I please myself? "For even Christ pleased not himself."—Frederick W. Robertson.

Consider before you speak, when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent and inoffensive.—Sir Matthew Hale.

Christian faith is a grand cathedral with dimly pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within every ray of light reveals a harmony of unpeopled splendors.—Hawthorne

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